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THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB

OF

NEW YORK.

PROCEEDINGS

IN REFERENCE TO THE DEATH

OF

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON,

DECEMBER 30TH, 1869.



CLUB HOUSE, MADISON AVENUE,

Cor. East Twenty-Sixth Street.

1870.

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TRIBUTE

TO

HON. EDWIN M. STANTON,
OF PENNSYLVANIA,

EX-SECRETARY OF WAR, AND ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME
COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.

On the 24th day of December, 1869, the telegraph startled the country with the sad news of the death of Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and ex-Secretary of War. Immediately upon the receipt of the intelligence, Mr. Charles Butler, Senior Vice-President, issued the following call for a special meeting of The Union League Club :

“THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB,
“FRIDAY, 24th *December*, 1869.

“A special meeting of the Club will be held on Saturday evening, 25th inst., at eight o'clock, to take proper action in respect to the sudden death of that distinguished and patriotic citizen, the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, late Secretary of War.

“CHARLES BUTLER,
“*Vice-President.*”

In accordance with this call a sad company assembled at the Club House on Christmas evening, and, after organizing,

unanimously adopted the following preamble, offered by Dr. Francis Lieber, and resolutions, proposed by Mr. William Cullen Bryant :

“ We, the members of the Union League Club of the city of New York, having heard with profound grief the death of Edwin M. Stanton, the greatest War Minister of modern times, to whose energy and lofty patriotism the ultimate success of the national cause is owing, as much as to any other individual man ; who trusted in the people, and called forth and organized victorious armies in an age which, until then, was un-military ; the unsullied citizen, through whose hands passed more millions than have passed through those of any other man ; who entered his high office not rich, and left it poor ; the true and sterling man, who was sincerely averse to holding public office, however high, but sacrificed his health, his property, his life, to it when the salvation of his country was at stake ; Stanton, whom it is feeble to call a Roman, but whom we call, with joy in our sadness, a noble American : Therefore—

“ *Resolved*, That the members of the Union League Club cherish with the sincerest affection the memory of that great man, who, by his unparalleled services to the nation in the days of her peril and distress, has earned the everlasting gratitude of the people of the United States. In his place in the Cabinet in that fatal hour when the seat of government became on a sudden the centre of treason, he was one of the few faithful heroes and patriots who, by firmness, energy, and wisdom, saved the fragments of the State from the noxious plots of traitors, and the not less deadly imbecility of the Executive. Called by providential wisdom to the charge of the War Department in the darkest hour of the rebellion, his indomitable will, his never-failing courage, his far-reaching forethought, and matchless executive genius organized the shattered forces of the Republic, and from defeat and despondency wrought out at last the triumph of our arms and the salvation of the nation. No matter what dangers threatened, the people relied with sublime confidence on the patient wisdom of LINCOLN, sustained by the exhaustless energy of STANTON, to bear them safely through. They were ever faithful to the trust, and both alike have sacrificed their lives to its discharge.

“Resolved, That in the career of Mr. Stanton as an advocate of the first merit, of stern and incorruptible integrity, of learning, eloquence, and power, who regarded his great profession always as a means of doing justice and not of personal aggrandizement, the people had abundant reason to rejoice in his recent elevation to the Bench of the Supreme Court, which, while it was a deserved tribute to his patriotism, was at the same time a marked acquisition to justice and to the dignity of that eminent tribunal.

“Resolved, That out of regard to his memory the portrait of Mr. Stanton in the Club House be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent by the Secretary to his family.”

Messrs. Alexander T. Stewart, William Cullen Bryant, Le Grand B. Cannon, Joseph H. Choate, and Jackson S. Schultz were then appointed a committee to arrange for an address before the Club on the life, character, and services of the late Secretary of War, and to report such other additional testimonial to Mr. Stanton as they might think proper.

A committee of fifteen, Hon. Henry E. Davies, chairman, was also appointed to attend the funeral of Mr. Stanton on behalf of the Club; and the Club then adjourned.

The committee having matured their plans, a special meeting of the Club was held on the 30th December, 1869, pursuant to the following call:

I N M E M O R I A M.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB,
26TH STREET, COR. MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1869.

SIR,—A special meeting of the Club will be held at the Club House on Thursday evening next, 30th inst., at 8 o'clock, to listen to addresses on the life, character, and services of the late Hon. EDWIN M. STANTON, which are expected from several gentlemen.

J. LANGDON WARD,
Secretary.

Mr. CHARLES BUTLER presided.

Mr. A. T. STEWART, from the Committee on the Address on the Life of Mr. Stanton, presented the following report, which was read by the Secretary :

The Committee to whom it was referred to propose some testimonial, in addition to that adopted by the Club, in honor of the memory of the late Edwin M. Stanton, respectfully report :

That they recommend that a Committee of Seven be appointed and announced by the Chair, this evening, to co-operate on the part of this Club with other committees or citizens, or other associations in this city or elsewhere in the Union, in obtaining subscriptions to a fund to be presented to Mr. Stanton's family, as a testimonial of the public sense of the invaluable services rendered by him to his country as Secretary of War.

It should be enough to state that adequate means have not been accumulated for their support, and that this measure is required not only as an expression of gratitude, but also as an example which will encourage a fearless, unselfish, honest, and patriotic discharge of public duty.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

For the Committee. A. T. STEWART, *Chairman*.

The report was unanimously adopted, and the Chair announced, as the Committee therein provided for, Messrs. A. T. STEWART, MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, MOSES H. GRINNELL, LE GRAND B. CANNON, JACKSON S. SCHULTZ, GEORGE CABOT WARD, and WILLIAM T. BLODGETT.

The Chair then introduced Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, who spoke as follows :

ADDRESS OF MR. BRYANT.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Among the many virtues which adorned the character of him in honor of whose memory we are assembled this evening, the most remarkable and eminent, perhaps, was his disinterested-

ness. He never thought of gaining anything by an office which he held for himself ; neither popular favor, nor fame, nor fortune. He thought only of serving his country. In the age in which we live, a mercenary, venal, self-seeking age, when public men seek to win popular favor by the lowest arts, and enrich themselves by the basest means, this is a shining example. Disinterestedness—self-sacrifice for the good of others—is the basis of all true nobility and grandeur of character. I do not believe that Mr. Stanton ever thought of the consequences to himself, in any of those multitudinous and important transactions of the War Office in which he was engaged. Enemies he made, and many bitter ones, and was perfectly willing to make them if he could not otherwise serve his country. He was perfectly indifferent to censure incurred by any course in which he was certain he was right. He loved not office, and gladly retired from the post he held the moment he thought his services were not needed. In the many rapid decisions which the exigencies of the times compelled him to make, there is no doubt that he occasionally committed injustice. These errors of his have been collected by his enemies with a malignant diligence, and have been dwelt upon with an artful rhetoric ; and a sedulous attempt has been made to show that Mr. Stanton is unworthy of the sorrow with which he is mourned throughout the land.

Mr. President and Gentlemen, the Divine Government has so ordered the constitution of the world that there are few of the great blessings of life which have not their attendant evils. This fair earth which feeds us with its harvests, and on which we plant our habitations, is shaken, and yawns with earthquakes that overturn cities and bury their inhabitants. The air we breathe, and without which we should expire, often carries on its

gentlest breezes the contagion of disease from place to place, or it gathers itself into whirlwinds, uproots forests, lifts our dwellings from the ground, and scatters the timbers like chaff. The sun, himself, the source of light and warmth, strikes down men in its midsummer heats, and parches the land with fearful droughts. What a case might be made against the sun if all the instances of death by sunstroke were collected together, and all the cases of withering drought and consequent famine, and noxious exhalations drawn up from the ground, to say nothing of the venomous reptiles and insects drawn to life by its beams, and the fierce and formidable beasts of prey which haunt the regions where he sheds his most direct rays. Yet, Mr. President and Gentlemen, we every morning rejoice in the return of the sun. We bless God for the beautiful earth which he has made our dwelling-place. We breathe with delight the air in which he has wrapped the globe. In like manner we glorify the Providence which watches over the destiny of nations for having raised up in the time of our country's greatest peril, and placed in that department of the Government which was then the most important, such a man as Stanton—of a quick sagacity, a resolute will, and utter indifference to personal interest; an untamable courage, and a fiery energy, to carry forward the great cause in which we were engaged—the great cause of the country and of liberty—to a glorious and successful termination. We thank the Lord of Hosts for raising up such a man, whose very faults were but the wild outgrowth of a noble and generous nature; weeds in a fertile garden, a thistle or two among wholesome herbs and nutritious roots which were nourished in a generous soil. And now, gentlemen, by the courtesy of my excellent friend who presides at this meeting, I am permitted to call up a gentleman, who, during the time that Mr. Stanton held the War Office, had the opportunity of observ-

ing him closely, and who will be able to analyze the web of his character thread by thread ; and if he finds in it, as he perhaps may tell you that he did, some traces of a coarser and harsher yarn, mingled with the nobler material, he is yet too just and too generous to disparage, for that reason, the fabric as a magnificent whole. I will call up a gentleman who himself took a large share in the mission of mitigating the miseries of our late war, who stood at the head of one of the noblest institutions of this or any other age of mankind, the Sanitary Commission, and whose arduous labors in that great work of humanity have carried his name to the utmost bounds of the civilized world. I call on the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows.

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. BELLOWES.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,—Nothing but my respect for the urgent wishes of the Union League Club communicated to me by the committee who waited on me with the request, would induce me to appear as one of those who, to-night, are to give voice to the reverence and gratitude of this patriotic body for the great and glorious services, the pure and exalted patriotism, the tempted and tried, yet spotless, character of Edwin M. Stanton! Not only have I no claim, from long personal intimacy or special acquaintance, to speak of him, but I might be pronounced by Mr. Stanton himself, were his shade permitted to waive a forbiddance, disqualified for the friendly office. For, although favored with his affectionate and confidential acquaintance for a short period after he came into office, I had the misfortune to fall into a serious misunderstanding with him at a very early period of his official career, which embarrassed and complicated my duties as the head of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, and closed my personal relations with the Secretary for the residue of

the war, and, indeed, of his life. My favorable testimony, therefore, is at least that of an unimpeachable witness, and as I am not a volunteer on this platform, I trust that those who enjoyed his permanent confidence and friendship will think it some compensation for the loss of eulogies of love, that they hear the cooler praises of justice—the expression of that compulsory gratitude which even personal grievances could neither extinguish nor dim.

And yet, perhaps, it may be an offset to the only sort of unfavorable criticism which Mr. Stanton's memory is likely to encounter in respectable quarters—namely, that of having had brusque and violent manners, and strong and rancorous prejudices—to say that no man ever had greater excuses for them, or, on the whole, turned them to a better account. At the time he took the War Office the chief peril of the country lay in the gentle and complying temper of great officials; the corrupting influences brought to bear upon their personal sensibilities; the concessions made to private claims and impulses at a moment when the opportunities of office and the optional reading of its rules by officials involved the making and losing of vast fortunes for others; when banks, railroad companies, corporations of all kinds, and factories and industrial interests of all sorts were, by their agents, besieging every department of the Government, and using every kind of personal wheedling, and straining every partisan and political nerve, to save themselves from ruin, or to avail themselves of some connection with the vast expenditures of the Government to make their fortunes. At such a time, we wanted not courtiers and diletanti in modes and manners in the chief seats of power and patronage; but rather prompt, severe, stern, and decided men, who forgot friendship, set aside personal feelings, acknowledged no private claims, ignored their own personal yearnings, and administered their overwhelming duties and

the flag kept untarnished. But no habits of the civilian alone could have equipped Mr. Stanton for the all-important service! His preparation was in his nature and temperament.

“ He was not of that strain of counsellors
That, like a tuft of rushes in a brook,
Bends every way the current turns itself.”

Of Virginian parentage, he had enough of her hot blood in his veins to understand that the quarrel with the South was “to the death,” and enough of her fierce and self-devoted spirit to meet her advances with a sword as sharp and thrusting as her own. He loved his country with the ardor of a bridegroom, and hated her enemies with the godly jealousy of a husband for the rival in a wife’s affections! It was no cold, calculating patriotism that could consider the advantages and disadvantages of disunion or of compromise, that was wanted in the Government or in the country then, but a passionate devotion, a hot, fierce, one-sided, terrible earnestness, such as would burn through opposition, fire the lukewarm, consume the doubts and fears of the wavering, and melt into a lava-stream of volcanic fury the party elements, the business hesitations, the personal waverings, the philosophic misgivings, the “can’ts” and “won’ts” of the moderate and the mild, the self-styled waiters on Providence, and the logic of events. There are times when passion—noble, god-like, infinite passion, that lets the force of the universe into the channels of human affairs, and multiplies, by an infinite factor, the fractional and limited powers of calculation and reason—can alone work the saving miracles by which the souls of nations and the lives of States are saved. Who could look on the pale, scholarly visage rising above the broad shoulders of that great Secretary, and not perceive that the white heat of a devouring passion for his country and her cause was giving vent to the national volcano through his Titanic soul, and that the crushing, rushing

fury of the national devotion and self-abandonment was finding its first full outlet and expression in his character and his policy? And oh! how rare is that divine anger, that impersonal fury, that becomes the greatest causes, and leads to the results of such lives as Luther's and Cromwell's.

What is it the American people lack so much as reasons for a faith in the deep, self-forgetting earnestness and consecration of their public men? Make them absolutely sure that their statesmen and rulers love their country, their God, their duty, better than themselves, and they will forsake all—party, self interest, pride, and policy—yes, forsake all, and follow them! But, do we remember what this earnestness and passion implied in Mr. Stanton? It was marked with two qualities, which, in my own brief intimacy with him, stood out in most vivid and affecting relief, and they were, perhaps, the last traits you would expect to find in such a man, although I believe they are nearly universal in the highest natures—tenderness and sadness. Beneath Mr. Stanton's robust and stern bosom dwelt a softness and gentleness of heart which made him the idol of his home and the object of a passionate devotion from his personal friends. I shall never forget the way he took me in his embrace, almost the first time we met, as if, in his own home, and before an unworldly profession, his official reserves were all gladly and irresistibly dropped, and he could indulge the luxury of love! His external manners were the rough rind of his tender heart. Rather than against others, he protected himself against himself—the relentings of his gentle spirit, the perilous softening of his soul—by the iron mail of a brusque and cold carriage. The betrayer he most feared was in his own heart, and that made his eye and his brow discharge their amenity, to hide from the world the place where he alone was vulnerable. Mr. Lincoln—let his name never be publicly pronounced without honor and rev-

erence—had not a gentler heart than Mr. Stanton, and it was their common tenderness that melted them together and made them one through the war. I should not have been surprised at any time to have found them locked in each other's arms, and kissing like girls, after a day's struggle to be stern and cold in their great and never-ceasing conflict with the enfeebling seductions of a betraying public.

But Mr. Stanton had a higher mark of greatness, because of a diviner type—sadness—the sadness of souls that feel all the loneliness of their unshared responsibility; the greatness of their ideal shaming their best accomplishments; their yearning for sympathy, backened by the necessary, unconquerable superiority and elevation of their views, so that they are dwarfed by the distance in which they leave others behind them, and made solitary and lonely by the heights they attain. There was an almost tragic sadness on Mr. Stanton's face.

“With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of State; deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat and public care.”

It was not like the sadness on Mr. Lincoln's countenance, which resembled that on His face that was “more marred than any man.” The President was plowed and furrowed with sorrow, till his face looked like the sea after a storm, when the winds are hushed, but the waves still roll, and the gray clouds make them leaden and drear. But Mr. Stanton's sadness was rather that of the midnight embers, which show fire shumbering beneath the ashes—ashes which disappointments, griefs, misunderstandings, abuse, delays, have heaped up, but which, dun and silent, hide unconquerable flames in their bosom! I must leave others to speak of the other point, in which we lacked most and were supplied by him—administrative skill and energy, the largeness and promptness and many-sided activity exhibited in the great

War Secretary's administration. I will not say he brought the native American genius for administration into the War Office, because, great as Americans show themselves in the management of their private concerns, they are yet to prove their superior talent for public administration—executive genius being yet rare. But Mr. Stanton had it, and he showed on a public scale just the qualities which our greatest merchants and movers of corporations exhibit in their private business. He was as clear, and prompt, as all-knowing, and omnipresent in the Department as Mr. Stewart is in his mercantile establishment. But all his patience of details, his untiring energy, and ceaseless labors would have been of little avail without the personal character he brought to the work. Of great solidity and compactness of frame, thought, care and sorrow had refined his face, and softened his flowing beard, and purified his complexion, till he looked the image of a scholar pale from serious or sacred studies. Temperate in the extreme, he seemed to live from meat and drink unlike that of other men, and to keep his body under with almost saintly rigor. When I first knew him he was already an invalid, and an object of solicitude to his family and his physician—although he repelled sympathy, and even seemed annoyed at inquiries about his health—a pretty sure sign of a consciousness that all is not right. He worked when he could not eat, and his invalid hours seemed equal to other men's best; for he lived from his soul, and not from his body. It was the "*aliquid immensum, infinitumque*" in him which supplied all that physical strength, or exhausted nerves, or a weary brain denied. Just so long as the country and the cause required him, he was equal to anything and everything, and postponed sickness, weariness, and almost self-consideration of any kind, to the hour when he would not be missed. To his pure hands, up to the arm-pits in the national wealth, there did not stick one traitorous piece of silver. Nobody not too black to receive a new

stain has dared to hint a suspicion of his integrity. Oh, how great, how fortunate the lot which that noble patriot has enjoyed and supported ! While mere military glory may decline or suffer deductions from the sober estimates of history, who does not know and feel that Mr. Stanton's fame has only begun to glow, and that those rays, beautiful and warm as they are, which, within one week, have been shining in concentrated splendor about his bier and on his hardly-closed grave, will gather in history into a sun that will fill distant ages and climes with the perfume and the glory of his deeds and his name ? If, like another Elijah, he had ascended in a chariot of flame, it would have fitly symbolized his career, for he guided the burning axles of the national wrath, organized its fury, inspired its course, witnessed its victory, declined its rewards, and almost shrunk from its honors ; and because we could not pay him for all this, God took him to his own keeping, and may be trusted to requite our hopeless debt. Of Mr. Lincoln and his great counsellor and close companion in the war that made the nation great in itself, and in their pure and precious characters, may we not say as Sir Walter Scott said of Fox and Pitt :

“Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom faith made brothers in the tomb,
But, search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again ?”

ADDRESS OF REV. DR. THOMPSON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,- When the one man who could have secured to France the benefits of her revolution while averting its excesses, thus conserving liberty with order—Count Mirabeau—had ceased to breathe, the intelligence was communicated to the Assembly in this brief and emphatic sentence : “ *He is dead !*” And when the few journals of that day communicated to Paris and to France the great catastrophe, so momentous for the future destiny

of the nation, they opened the obituary with the same brief and pregnant words—" *Il est mort !*" No name was needed to interpret them. Everybody knew who was dead. The man who had said of himself, "In anarchy, a despot may even seem a savior ;" the man of whom others had said he could not have a party, for his only party was his head ; the man who, amid the stormy scenes of debate and the bloody tumults of the populace, had established order and unity by the magnetism of his presence, by the force of his will ; that mighty ruling and taming spirit, whose very violence within itself commanded calmness in others, had ceased to be ; *he* was dead. So when, last Friday, the telegraph flashed to all parts of this country the intelligence of the death of Mr. Stanton, everybody—man, woman, and child—knew who was dead. It was not that a party in the country had lost its leader, for he, too, could have no "party" whose only party was "his head". It was the nation that now felt the loss of one who, with all the virtues of Mirabeau and more, and with none of his vices, had dared to *seem* a despot that he might *be* a savior. The army of the North knew that he had gone, who, through all the war, had fed, clothed, equipped, housed, and organized them for victory. The scattered, broken army of the South knew that that mighty spirit had passed away, which, behind the array of artillery and the strategy of generals in the field, had moved on with unrelenting vigor, with steady, ever-growing pressure, until the rebellion was crushed, because he would hear no terms but absolute submission. The civilized world knew that that great Minister of War had passed away, who, from the peaceful industries of the people, had raised and equipped an army of 1,500,000 men, and when their work was done had remanded that army in two days to the quiet walks of industrious peace. The nation saw the patriot and statesman whom she was just beginning to appreciate, and to whom she had awarded such honor as office and eulogy could be-

stow, rising above the honors thus laid at his feet, to accept the crown of immortality. There is hardly another man in the nation whose death could create in every household, for various causes, so profound an impression ; and how few names are there among those that are gone that will stand, as the speaker before me has intimated, so great, so growing in the coming history of this country.

After your committee had tendered me the most unexpected compliment of an invitation to participate in these services, on re-entering my library, my eye fell upon a picture of those twin Colossi that stand in solitary grandeur upon the plain of Thebes, representing the monarch returned from successful wars—the whole country subdued to his dominion and peace established without—sitting down here in absolute rest, looking forth into unfathomable depths, as if commanding the empire of the world and of time. They stand as the sublimest impersonation of Majesty in repose. The Nile rolls the waves of its inundations around their pedestals ; all about them are the ruins of temples, and statues of forgotten men and gods, but there they stand immovable to-day as when erected more than three thousand years ago ! Not altogether mute, for one of them is the fabled Memnon that greets each morning sun with its note of welcome.

So it has seemed to me that a thousand years hence, the historian tracing the events of these times, and coming upon that flood of war that rolled over the land and threatened to merge all in ruin and desolation, will see rising above it two majestic forms, twin figures in virtue and in honor, twin saviors of their country, twin also in the enjoyment of the crown that History has conferred,—side by side, sitting with undisturbed repose, unwasted by all the changes of the ages since, unforgotten amid the dim memories of the past ; not silent either, but speaking wherever thought is honored, wherever virtue is revered, wherever patriotism is respected,

wherever history is known, speaking of the grandeur of devotion to country and to truth ; two unrivalled figures, LINCOLN and STANTON, side by side, in the foreground of a heroic past.

Mr. President and Gentlemen, the key-note of power in this world is Personality. Not thought alone, not eloquence, not position, not circumstances give influence, but a living personality, that can impress itself upon men and the times by the force of a human soul putting itself into the souls of others, into the spirit of the nation. This nation had need of such. Go back ten years, to the time when this great free people were still cowed and bullied by slavery, when this vast nation of intelligent men was ruled by imbecility ! What need we had to rouse our souls, to lead us on to the grand possibilities of the future, saving us from the impotency and destruction that threatened us !—what need of an example of self-sacrifice, of supreme devotion to country, of loyalty to truth and justice ! What need we had, within the walls of the Constitution our fathers had built, of such a zeal for the house as would drive out with the scourge the profaners of the temple, and overturn the tables of the money-changers ! And these examples were given. PERSONALITY, on the one side by the gentle magnetism of love, in Lincoln ; on the other by the force of indomitable will and courage, in Stanton. We needed the last as well as the first. It came to us in the rough, it remained in the rough ; the fires of the war tempered and annealed it, but never *enamelled* it. There it stood, a pillar unpolished, but strong and true, that the nation might lean upon it.

It is now nearly forty years since Mr. Stanton left a book store in Columbus, Ohio, where he had held a clerkship for a time—having been driven to his own support by the death of his father—to resume his studies, intending at that time to devote himself to the church. By the persuasion of friends he was induced to enter the profession of the law. A gentle-

man who is with us to night was at that time a companion of his, a clerk in an adjacent store ; they were together day by day, in conversation and in recreation, and his playfellow said to him as they parted, " You be a lawyer; you are made for that, and I shall see you one day Attorney-General of the United States." When Mr. Buchanan, in his vacillation—for I think we must do him the credit of exempting him from really treasonable designs—when Mr. Buchanan, in his vacillation, saw whither things were tending, and called Mr. Stanton to the post of Attorney-General, this old friend went to see him and congratulated him on the fulfilment of his prophecy.

Where did Stanton have his first hearing in his new office ? Where did he plead his first cause for the Constitution and the laws of his country ? Before its Executive Head, and in words which I will give you as they came from his own lips, and were taken down by this friend, who has put them into my hands. When the news came that Anderson had evacuated Fort Moultrie and occupied Sumter, Mr. Buchanan called his cabinet together in haste. When Stanton came in, the President sat trembling and pale, while the Southern members were loudly demanding an order from him compelling Anderson to return to Fort Moultrie. Stanton, hardly waiting to hear them through, said : " Mr. President, you *dare* not give this order ; *it is treason* ; it would be a repetition of the crime that Arnold committed, and for which André died ! " In the same conversation Mr. Stanton went on to say : " Mr. Buchanan didn't give the order to evacuate Sumter, and through all the weary time they were planting their guns around it I prayed that they might be mad enough to open their fire, for I knew the thunder of their cannon was needed to wake up the nation."

I differ slightly in my recollections—perhaps from coming in contact with a different circle of friends at the time—from Dr. Bellows, with regard to the position which Stanton had

already won in the confidence of the country when Mr. Lincoln came into office. It seems to me there was a wide-spread expectation that Mr. Lincoln would call him to his cabinet ; that he had shown such force of character, such capacity for administration, such loyalty to the country, such knowledge of executive affairs, as made him a man to be trusted. This, however, may be a recollection which has dawned upon me through the events of after years. Be that as it may, every one was gratified when he was fairly installed by Mr. Lincoln in the War Office; and he brought to the work ability, promptness, and energy of application, before unknown. He put his whole life and soul into his work. He was a man of "one idea" in the sense in which Paul, for instance, was a man of one idea. There is nothing disparaging in being a man of one idea, provided only the idea be great enough to possess the soul, and to fire it with devotion for man and God. Stanton went into the service with but one idea--to serve his country and to save it ; and here he exhibited that marvellous power of organization, that promptness in details, that energy of will, that at once brought the War Department up to the highest state of efficiency. A friend said to him, near the close of the war: "How was it that you succeeded in supplying this vast army throughout this great extent of country, whether in the camp or in the field, with all that they needed for comfort and support?" "Sir," said Stanton, "I will tell you how I managed in one instance, and you can infer the rest ; a day or two after I was installed in this office, a telegram came from Harper's Ferry urging that several large guns should be sent there that day. I at once sent an order to the Arsenal for the guns. Being busied in my office all day, I went after office hours to the Arsenal to see whether the order had been fulfilled. I found the Arsenal closed and nobody in attendance. Looking up a subordinate I learned that no guns had been sent. After having tried, in vain, to find the keys, I had the door broken

open ; helped drag the guns out, accompanied them to the railway, saw them put on the train, had an engine fired up, and those guns were off that night for the Ferry." The next morning the incumbent, not knowing of this action, came into the War Office and said : " It was not convenient, Mr. Secretary, to despatch those guns yesterday, but if you think it is at all urgent I will attend to it at once this morning." Said Stanton : " The guns are now *at* Harper's Ferry, and you, sir, are no longer in the service of the United States Government." I see you understand, gentlemen, the question is answered.

But let me tell you another instance. You will recollect, from having read the history afterwards, though the painful facts at the time were largely concealed from the public—you will remember what a stress of anxiety there was when our army was penned up at Chattanooga—its supplies cut off, and itself almost threatened with famine. Great fears were entertained at Washington of some catastrophe there. Stanton resolved that that army should be reinforced. He met the President and the Cabinet, and urged upon them his views. He took pains to ascertain from railway men how long a time would be required to transport an army corps from the Potomac to the Tennessee, and, with his facts all prepared, he forced his way through the objections of the Cabinet and the Generals, and succeeded in obtaining from the President the order that the thing should be done. Within twelve hours from the issuing of that order, an army corps was on its way to the Tennessee, detached from the Potomac army, where at that time it was not needed. Stanton himself was on his way, riding day and night, to meet General Grant, for conference. On the ninth day (he had promised within ten) that army relieved Chattanooga ; the enemy was held in check, and presently came that magnificent series of victories, in which the names of Hooker, of Thomas, of Sherman, have become immortal.

With this energy and determination in carrying out to the full all the responsibilities and details of his office, he had sometimes a boldness in taking the responsibility, that nothing but the extraordinary emergency could have justified, and that nothing but the marvellous patience, wisdom, and good-nature of Mr. Lincoln would have tolerated ; and yet Mr. Lincoln was led time and again to concede that, in such matters, the Secretary was wiser than he. For instance, when the good-nature of Mr. Lincoln was beset with entreaties to commission this man and that to this office and that in the army, he sent in at one time to the office of the Secretary of War a large batch of newly made commissions to be countersigned. When the messenger returned, the President inquired, "Is that business all done?" "With one exception," said the messenger. "What was that?" "It was the commission of a Major-General." "What did the Secretary say about that?" "He didn't say anything ; he tore it up and threw it into the waste basket." "Indeed," said Mr. Lincoln, "he must have had some very good reason." You all remember how the country was astounded just after the capitulation of Lee's army, by the announcement from the officer then in command at Richmond, that the Rebel Legislature would convene (to consider upon what terms the State would re enter the Union) by authority of the President of the United States—Mr. Lincoln then being in Richmond. Mr. Lincoln returned to Washington a day or two after. His Secretary of War waited upon him, and handed him an order which he said he had issued during his absence, which was an order displacing the General in command, substituting another, and revoking his convocation of the Legislature. "Well," said the President, "What does this mean?" "I saw," said Mr. Stanton, "that he was throwing away all that we had fought for these four years." "But, did you not see that that was done by my authority?" "Yes, Mr.

President, I saw that it was by your authority, and I resolved to save the country while I could, and hand you my resignation." The President did not accept that resignation. The matter, as the story goes on good authority, was discussed in Cabinet, the Cabinet to a unit sustaining Mr. Stanton. That night the ball of the assassin verified his judgment.

Mr. Stanton had largely the element of hope. We are saved by hope ; and underneath that tone of sadness of which Dr. Bellows has spoken, was an unfaltering confidence in the success of the cause, an undying trust that the Union would be saved. He, perhaps, was the only man who never faltered or wavered ; for even Mr. Lincoln at times—his great heart so pained and grieved with the losses and disasters of the war, with the anguish of the nation that he bore upon himself, and made a part of himself—would verge toward despondency. Such an hour was that—and this I give as coming from the lips of Mr. Stanton himself to a friend, though he had no thought at the time that it would reach the public ear—such an hour was that when a series of disasters was crowned with the defeat of Chancellorsville. The Secretary of War, in such times, never left the office day or night ; did not sleep there, for he did not sleep at all, but stayed there on his couch, with his ear ever on the alert for any telegraphic despatch. On that night, Mr. Lincoln, who had been there through weary hours—through sleepless days and nights, was now in a perfect torture, bordering on despair ; and, as the news came in worse and worse, Mr. Lincoln arose from the couch on which he had been lying, and said : " Ah, Stanton, I can't bear this ! I should be happier to-night if I could walk into the Potomac, and sink ! " " No," said Stanton : " you and I are set here by the country to see this thing through, and *we* can't sink. Come, we will go to the Potomac." In an hour after midnight he had a tug ready, and they two steamed off to the nearest

point of access to the army. The next day they saw the Generals, saw the army, rank and file ; saw that though this army was beaten, it was not annihilated—it had fight in it yet, and the President came back revived, full of new courage and hope.

Courage Stanton had, which, had he been called upon to exhibit it in the field, would there have made him renowned in deeds of valor. But he had that higher moral courage which faces obloquy and opposition, and dares to do right against even the misconstruction of friends. I think he manifested the highest type of courage in the closing act of his public life, when he who, as all now know, desired no office, but longed to have his hands free from all public responsibilities and return again to his profession and to the walks of private life, yet consented to submit to the misconstruction of being tenacious of office, and full of egotism, and all such like aspersions, because he saw that to go out of that office, though he knew the man in power behind him would gladly kick him out if he could, was to put in jeopardy the great interests of the country, not yet fully saved. Courage to do an unwelcome duty without explaining himself to friends, without defending himself from enemies; the grand self-sacrifice that led him there at the first, kept him there to the end.

And now, when we know, as an intimate friend of his who had knowledge of his accounts has told me this very day, that this man, who, when he accepted office, was in the receipt of perhaps twenty-five thousand dollars a year from his profession, just beginning to win its honors and emoluments, relinquished this for a salary of one-third that amount, a sum utterly inadequate for the support of his family, and came out of that office not only unsullied but having actually spent thirty-one thousand dollars of his limited private property, for the support of his family, we shall look, I fear, almost in vain for another such example in the history of our country.

There he stood through all that storm of war, a rock so high that no waves of rebellion or opposition could dash over it—a rock so firm that no tides of corruption could undermine it. You have heard more than I could tell from any personal knowledge, of another trait of his character that yet deserves to be distinctly recalled in connection with its rougher and grander elements—I mean the tenderness of his nature. Two instances will suffice to paint this upon the picture, just here. When he would spend whole nights for weeks together, in the War Office, feeling that that was the post of his duty, never living at home, he yet made it a point with the break of day to go out into the market and provide for his family, and was accustomed to say to his friends who wondered that he did not take those hours for rest: “This is the only green spot that I have in my life—to go and see in the market place a little of the freshness of nature, the fresh green products, the fresh, sweet-scented flowers, and to do this service for my family.” Look at him again as he stands in that house opposite the theatre where the life of Abraham Lincoln is ebbing away! See how the tears course down his manly cheeks; see with what tenderness and reverence he recognizes the presence of God, and requests a clergyman to lead in prayer, setting the example of kneeling by the bedside; see how, with more than a brother’s love, he watches over that dear form until there is life in it no more! then rises as if himself baptized with the blood of the martyr, again to summon the country to fidelity and to victory!

There is a moral sublimity worthy of such a life and history, in the manner of his dying. Just as he who had led us to the triumphant close of so great and terrible a war, was invited to sit on the tribunal of justice to administer the affairs of peace, he heard the voice of Him who is the Prince of Peace, saying, “To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on my throne.”

ADDRESS OF GEN. THOMAS B. VAN BUREN.

It is with the greatest reluctance, Mr. President and gentlemen, that I attempt to put into language my estimate of the character and services of the sleeping hero whom we mourn.

When I remember the wonderful events that crowded the later years of his life; when I reflect upon his *patriotism*, his *exhaustless energy*, his *indomitable will*, his *utter forgetfulness of self*, his *devotion to his country*, and his *sacrifice in her behalf*; when I see on all sides the *abundant fruits* of his *unceasing vigilance*, his *unwearied care*, his *unselfish labors*, it seems to me as if golden silence alone could render a fitting tribute to his memory.

But if speech were needed, certainly the choice words which have fallen from the lips of the eloquent gentlemen who have preceded me must fill up the measure of your desires.

Can I say anything they have not said? Ah, the theme is a wide one, I grant you. Eulogy may here exhaust itself and not degenerate into bombast. Coming generations will recognize, as true to nature and to history, the most striking colors in which the deeds of this great man may be depicted. Neither shall time fade these tints away; but, mellowing as they go down into the future, his grand and noble character shall be esteemed by after ages as one of the great gifts of God to his country and the world.

Sir, this Club remembers—every patriot in the land will recall the dark days of our terrible struggle, when some *battle had been lost*, some *new and dangerous treason* discovered, some *diabolical plot unearthed*: when at every bulletin board worn and anxious faces read with dismay the dread intelligence; when every true heart beat with anxiety, and the nation itself seemed stricken with paralysis; how, standing firmly at his post,

working with *teeming brain*, with *swelling heart*, with *untiring hands*, knowing no rest, dismayed by no terrors, thinking only of his country, Edwin M. Stanton electrified the nation anew with his own energy and determination, and patriots whispered to each other "*All is well while Stanton is Secretary of War.*"

The rebellion, Mr. President, although plotting and maturing for half a century, burst upon us with the suddenness of a tropical tempest.

The trumpet blast that called the nation to arms was sounded when our whole Northern country was given up to the peaceful pursuits of industry ; when our little navy had been scattered upon every sea, our army dwindled into insignificance, our arsenals emptied, our treasury plundered, and the minds of our people whirling on a chaos of conflicting sentiments.

What wonder, then, that immediate success did not wait upon our cause ? What wonder that the great heart and brain of Lincoln, the experience and earnestness of Cameron, the energy and devotion of Stanton, and the uprising enthusiasm of the people did not vanquish at once our long-prepared and bitter foe ?

Those qualities which make up the impulsive and daring soldier we all admire, but we rely most upon those stern virtues which learn "to labor and to wait." In these was Mr. Stanton pre-eminent ; and with a determination that knew no lessening, and a confidence of final victory that no defeat could shake, he began and carried forward those great purposes which will forever make his name famous. We do not yet fully appreciate his untiring labors and their vast results. Foreign nations looking upon our condition believed in the speedy triumph of our enemies ; England, longing for our downfall, sneeringly predicted we could not safely venture thirty miles from our base. Our Southern ports and strongholds were in the possession of our foes ; our frontier of thousands of miles was exposed and defenceless ; soldiers

educated by the Government had betrayed their country and given their skill and experience to her enemies ; and it seemed for a while as if the task of subduing the gigantic rebellion was impossible ; but our great Minister never wavered in his work and his hope. Armies were organized until they embraced a million and a half of men, and this vast host was armed and equipped and marched hundreds of miles into the enemy's country, suffering defeats and gaining victories, until, hardened and disciplined, it conquered the rebellion by its invincible strength. During all this time, to the amazement of the world, this great army was provisioned and cared for, as, I venture to say, no other army ever has been of which history gives any record.

Carnot, the great Minister of War and of the Interior upon whom Napoleon relied throughout his career, had no task like this. Speaking of him, the Emperor afterwards said : "Carnot I knew well ; this stern old republican had refused me the Empire in 1815 ; his mind was stamped with a probity that no circumstances could change, but to this honest and energetic will there was added a love of opposition and of Utopian theories." Ah ! this American republican of ours had no Utopian theories. A certain love of opposition he may have cherished, but *I* for one shall not impute it to him as a crime. The commissariat of the French army, warlike nation as it was, never compared with ours during the late war, nor did its forces number half of those which conquered the vast territory of the rebellion. When concentrating his forces of 340,000 men at the crossing of the Neimen, Napoleon proudly exclaimed : "To form such an assemblage in the forests of Neimen required not a little care and foresight in directing the march of the columns, and in arranging supplies for an army whose horses alone numbered 200,000, and whose carriages were not less than 20,000. We might here, without exaggeration (he says), use the hyperbole employed to describe the army of Xerxes : '*After its passage they endeavored to find the countries which it had passed over.*'"

Is it asking too much to say that could that renowned warrior have looked upon our gigantic struggle, and have seen so great an army marching such distances and through such a country, provisioned so bountifully and accomplishing such results, he would have deemed no language too strong to express his admiration of the controlling mind that worked with such resistless energy as Minister of War?

With the life and fame of William Pitt, the head of the English Government during her wars with the French Republic and the Empire, you are all familiar; a man of splendid abilities, of profound information, of rare experience, he united in himself the qualities of a great statesman and noble citizen who devoted himself to the interest and glory of his country. The facts warrant me, however, in saying that during the time Mr. Stanton was Secretary of War of this Republic, he accomplished a greater work than ever fell to the lot of Pitt or any other War Minister of the world.

An English historian thus speaks of Pitt after the war with the Republic of France:

“Great as Pitt’s abilities were, his military administration was that of a driveller. He was at the head of a nation eminently distinguished by all the physical and all the moral qualities which make excellent soldiers. The resources at his command were unlimited. The Parliament was even more ready to grant him men and money than he was to ask them. In such an emergency and with such means, such a statesman as Richelieu, as Louvois, as Chatham, as Wellesley, would have created, in a few months, one of the finest armies in the world, and would soon have brought forward generals worthy to command such an army. Germany might have been saved by another Blenheim; Flanders recovered by another Ramalies; another Poitiers might have delivered the Royalist and Catholic provinces of France from a yoke which they abhorred, and might have spread terror even to the barriers of Paris. But the fact is, that after an expendi-

ture of wealth far exceeding the expenditure of the American War, of the Seven Years War, of the Wars of the Austrian Succession and of the Spanish Succession, united, the English army under Pitt was the laughing-stock of all Europe. It could not boast of a single brilliant exploit. It had never shown itself on the Continent, but to be beaten, chased, forced to re-embark or compelled to capitulate. To take some sugar island in the West Indies, to scatter some mob of half-naked Irish peasants—such were the most splendid victories won by the British troops under Pitt's auspices. History will vindicate the real man from calumny disguised under the semblance of adulation, and will exhibit him as what he was, a Minister of great abilities, honest intentions, and liberal opinions, pre-eminently qualified intellectually and morally for the part of a Parliamentary leader, and capable of administering with prudence and moderation the government of a prosperous and tranquil country, but unequal to surprising and terrible emergencies, and liable in such emergencies to err grievously, both on the side of weakness and on the side of violence."

My friends, there were giants and critics in those days as well as these, but I think you will agree with me that the latter have much degenerated.

Pitt, you perceive, was criticised because he was not successful, but he is given credit for great and admirable qualities. Ah! this writer would not do for some Democratic newspapers of to-day.

An unrepentant rebel, a disappointed traitor, a meddling babbler dismissed from the Department with scant courtesy, a political ghou, lost to all sense of decency, who will prey with relish upon those dead most honored and most loved—of such we may judge some modern critics are made, and to these what a feast is offered in the life and services of Edwin M. Stanton.

He not only supported Mr. Lincoln, but impatiently urged

the issuance of that renowned order which made a people free. He not only pushed forward with all his vigor the war against armed treason in the field, but he laid his strong arm on dastard traitors at home. He had no mercy for spies and informers, for assassins and incendiaries, and when the war had been brought to a triumphant conclusion, when the sweet angel of peace had spread her white wings over the Republic, and the name of Stanton was in every loyal mouth, those were the men he had offended.

He had plundered no man to enrich himself. Those harpies who fattened on the robbery of their country found no friend in him. Receiving a salary scarcely fitted for a clerk in his Department, he yet kept his hands clean from all unholy gains, and left his office a poor, but honest man.

Stern, determined, violent sometimes, against every form of wrong, he ever yielded quickly to applications for redress, and heard with the tenderness of a woman the tales of the sorrowing and distressed. Incidents without number might be repeated, in which, after listening with gentle patience to some simple story of wrong endured, or suffering borne, he has righted the one and relieved the other with his characteristic promptness and energy.

When proud officials sometimes were heard with impatience and dismissed with short and sharp replies, the wounded soldier or the weeping mother was listened to with kind attention and answered with careful courtesy. None so humble as to be denied admittance. And indeed there was a certain hour, I believe, each day when his doors were flung wide open to the wounded and the sick, when all could come without ceremony or delay.

With a trust in the wise Providence of Him "who doeth all things well," he never wavered in his confidence of triumph; and many, whose duties called them to the War Department, will bear me witness, that frequently during the darkest days of the war, Mr. Lincoln recuperated his almost

desperate hopes from the unflinching courage and magnetic will of Stanton.

Often the great-hearted President might have been seen with bowed head, with stooping shoulders, and sad, sad eyes, entering the War Office, bearing in his person the sorrows and fears of all the people, and looking as if the burden was crushing him to the earth; but, after a half hour, coming from the interview with his Secretary a changed man, his face beaming with new hopes, and his step elastic with a new strength.

Said Napoleon, after his final defeat at Waterloo :

“Carnot, the old republican leader, best understood the nature of the crisis and the means necessary for a desperate national defence. In his opinion, the French soil was, at any price, to be freed from foreign invaders, and the best means of accomplishing this object was to constitute a dictatorial power, with all the energies of the Committee of Public Safety in 1793. If Carnot was no great statesman, he at least possessed the energy of a real old Roman, and let it ever be remembered in his praise, that in the darkest hour of French history he shook off the shackles of party prejudice, and thought only of his country's honor and glory.”

What, then, shall we say of Stanton? Coming to the end of a victorious war, he asked for no Dictator—nay, when anxious to retire from office to recruit his shattered health and fortune, he was still more regardful of the loved country he had saved, and remained at his post to counteract the evil designs of one who in his own person made treason odious.

Coming from the people, without experience in war, he applied to the task he had undertaken, that energy and skill which so distinguishes our people. With his strong sense and vigorous will, he cut through the slow and formal processes of official procedure, and applied to his work those principles of labor and business which marked their success in the business community.

And thus, with a patriotism, and energy, and zeal, and intelligence, seldom equalled and never surpassed, this great and good man devoted himself to his country until she triumphed over her foes, until the army was disbanded again to the pursuits of peaceful industry, until the Government was secured against every treasonable attempt. When, returning to private life, he resumed his profession until the summons came to take his place on the bench of the Supreme Court, and that swift following and more imperative command to "come up higher," into that presence where are assembled the great and the small of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues.

" We say a star has gone out ;
But in the eternal system
No planet is destroyed, though veiled
From human sight."

My countrymen, his memory remains to us—his great deeds are part of our history ; and throughout the unknown future of this land his name shall ever be quoted as the synonym of bravery and patriotism—of truth, and honor, and worth.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Club, held on Thursday, May 12th, 1870, Mr. A. T. Stewart presented the following report, which was accepted, the resolutions therein embodied adopted, and the Committee discharged :

The Committee appointed to raise funds in honor of the late Edwin M. Stanton in acknowledgment of his unselfish, patriotic, and invaluable services as Secretary of War—such funds to be applied to the benefit of his family—respectfully report :

That the subscriptions paid to the Hon. Moses H. Grinnell,

who was not only a member of this Committee but of another like organization, amount to..... \$26,500 00

That the subscriptions paid to Mr. A.

T. Stewart, Treasurer of this Committee, amount to.....\$26,550 00

Which earned interest to the date of

the Trust, May 7th, 1870. 416 44

————— \$26,966 44

That it was deemed expedient to unite

both sums, amounting to..... \$53,466 44

and deposit the same with the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, to be invested in the public debt of the United States and held in trust, the interest to be paid to the widow of Mr. Stanton during her life and afterwards to her minor children, the principal to be divided among them as they respectively become of age.

The Declaration of Trust was executed in triplicate, one of which is hereto annexed, to which the Committee refer for the names of the subscribers, its terms, and the commission to be received by the Company. The son of the deceased by a former marriage does not wish to participate ; he would do so in the event of the death of all the beneficiaries in advance of a division of the principal.

The Company have invested the respective sums in 5.20 Registered Bonds of 1862, as follows :

The sum paid in by Mr Grinnell in bonds, amount-

ing to..... \$23,900

The sum paid in by Mr. Stewart..... 24,300

————— \$48,200

The Committee submit the following resolutions :

Resolved, That the Club approves of the Trust made with the New York Life Insurance and Trust Company, and that

the Treasurer of the Club be requested to keep the above triplicate on file.

Resolved, That the Chairman of the Committee be requested to send one of the triplicates to Mrs. Stanton.

Resolved, That this report be printed, with the whole of the Trust, as the Committee having charge of the printing of the addresses made at the Club at the meeting called to pay honor to his memory may elect, and circulated therewith.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

ALEXANDER T. STEWART,
Chairman.

NEW YORK, May 12th, 1870.

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL COME :

Whereas, THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE AND TRUST COMPANY have received by the hands of ALEXANDER T. STEWART, Treasurer, appointed for the purpose by a Committee of the Union League Club of the city of New York, twenty-six thousand five hundred and fifty dollars of principal, and interest thereon amounting to \$416 $\frac{44}{100}$, together \$26,966 $\frac{44}{100}$, which first mentioned sum is the result of the following subscriptions :

Alexander T. Stewart, \$5,000 ; Peter Cooper, \$1,000 ; John David Wolfe, \$1,000 ; William H. Aspinwall, \$1,000 ; J. & W. Seligman, \$1,000 ; Paron Stevens, \$1,000 ; J. B. & W. A. Cornell, \$1,000 ; William R. Stewart, \$1,000 ; Henry Clews, \$1,000 ; Cash, J. Q. J., \$1,000 ; James Brown, \$500 ; R. L. & A. Stuart, \$500 ; William H. Vanderbilt, \$500 ; David Dows, \$500 ; D. Willis James, \$500 ; William T. Blodgett, \$500 ; Jonathan Sturges, \$500 ; Cash, S. P., \$500 ; William H. Fogg, \$500 ; Tiffany & Co., \$500 ; Joseph Gaillard, \$500 ; Benjamin B. Sherman, \$500 ; James C. Hoe & Co., \$500 ; C. H. Rogers,

\$350 ; B. Hinckley, \$300 ; Le Grand B. Cannon, \$250 ; Jackson S. Schultz, \$250 ; Charles Butler, \$250 ; George Cabot Ward, \$250 ; P. McMartin, \$250 ; John H. Hall, \$250 ; Otis D. Swan, \$250 ; Adrian Iselin, \$250 ; Robert Hoe & Co., \$250 ; J. M. Fisk & Co., \$250 ; John E. Williams, \$250 ; Henry L. Pierson, \$250 ; John & Hugh Auchincloss, \$250 ; J. H. Sherwood, \$250 ; E. W. Stoughton, \$250 ; Howard Sanger & Co, \$250 ; S. H. Wales, \$200 ; Armstrong & Son, \$200 ; William F. Cary, \$100 ; Benjamin H. Field, \$100 ; Gustave Schwab, \$100 ; J. S. Rockwell, \$100 ; Charles H. Isham, \$100 ; John C. Southwick, 100 ; Charles G. Havens, \$100 ; Hoyt Brothers, \$100 ; William C. Bryant, \$50 ; Joseph Allen & Co., \$50 ; Cash, H. W. S & Co., \$50 ; Maltby J. Lane, \$50.

And Whereas the said Company have received by the hands of MOSES H. GRINNELL, Treasurer, twenty-six thousand five hundred dollars, the result of the following subscriptions :

Moses Taylor, \$1,000 ; William E. Dodge, \$1,000 ; Morton, Bliss & Co., \$1,000 ; W. R. Vermilye, \$1,000 ; Charles H. Russel, \$1,000 ; Marshall O. Roberts, \$1,000 ; M. H. Grinnell, \$1,000 ; Edward Minturn, \$1,000 ; John Steward, \$1,000 ; John C. Green, \$1,000 ; Amos R. Eno, \$1,000 ; E. D. Morgan & Co., \$1,000 ; Edwards Pierrepont, \$1,000 ; William B. Astor, \$1,000 ; Joseph Sampson, \$1,000 ; John J. Astor, \$1,000 ; James H. Baucker, \$1,000 ; William Walter Phelps, \$1,000 ; Adams Express Co., \$1,000 ; C. S. Sandford, \$1,000 ; James Lenox, \$1,000 ; Isaac Bell, \$1,000 ; Jay Cooke & Co., \$1,000 ; George F. Tallman, \$500 ; A. C. Kingsland, \$500 ; P. Hayden, \$500 ; S. B. Chittenden, \$500 ; H. B. Claflin, \$500 ; John Ponder, \$500 ; Isaac Sherman, \$250 ; and Peter Townsend, \$250 (which sums of principal and interest amount together to fifty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-six dollars and forty-four cents); which moneys were contributed and paid by the subscribers aforesaid on the understanding that

the same were to be applied to the use of the widow of the late Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, and of the children of the said Edwin M. Stanton and Ellen H. his wife.

Now therefore know ye that the said The New York Life Insurance and Trust Company do hereby certify and declare that they take and hold said moneys in trust to invest the same and keep the same invested in the public debt of the United States of America, and to receive the interest, income, and profits thereof, and the same to apply to the sole use of Ellen H. Stanton, the widow of the said Edwin M. Stanton—to be paid into her own hands or to her order from time to time as the same shall accrue, and not by way of anticipation, and to be wholly free from the control debts or obligations of any future husband or any person whomsoever. And on the death of the said Ellen H. Stanton in trust to divide the trust estate into as many shares or portions as there shall be children or issue of deceased children, if any, of the said Edwin M. Stanton and Ellen H. Stanton, his wife, then living—such issue to take the share to which the parent, if living, would have been entitled—and to pay over and transfer to each of such children who shall then have attained the age of twenty-one years, and also to such issue of any then deceased child, the share or portion of such children, and of the parent of such issue, and to apply the income, interest, and profits of the share or shares of any child who shall be under the age of twenty-one years at the time of the death of the said Ellen H. Stanton, to the use of such child until he or she shall attain the age of twenty-one years, and thereupon to pay him or her his or her share of said trust estate; and if any child shall die before attaining such age, then to pay over the share of the child so dying to his or her issue, if any, and if he or she leave no issue, then to the brothers and sisters and issue of any deceased child equally, the issue of any deceased child to take the parent's share; and if there shall be no child of the said Edwin M.

Stanton and Ellen H. his wife, and no issue of any deceased child, living at the time of the death of the said Ellen H. Stanton, and entitled to receive the said trust estate, then in trust to pay over and distribute the said trust estate to and among the next of kin of the said Edwin M. Stanton in such shares as they would take by the laws of this State if he had died possessed thereof and intestate.

And it is hereby mutually agreed by and between the said Company and the contributors to said trust estate by Messrs. Stewart and Grinnell, that the said Company shall be allowed to charge and receive for their compensation for executing the trust hereby created, a commission of two and a half per cent on the income of said estate, and shall also be allowed for any necessary expenses and charges to which they may be subjected in the premises, but they hereby relinquish all commissions to which they might otherwise be entitled on receiving and paying over the principal of said trust estate.

In witness whereof the said The New York Life Insurance and Trust Company have caused their corporate seal to be hereunto affixed and the same to be attested by the President; and the said Alexander T. Stewart and Moses H. Grinnell, representing the contributors above named, have hereunto set their hands and seals this seventh day of May, in the year 1870.

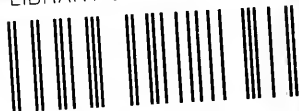
D. THOMPSON,
President.

ALEXR. T. STEWART.
M. H. GRINNELL.

Scaled and delivered in triplicate }
in presence of }

GEO. B. BUTLER.

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